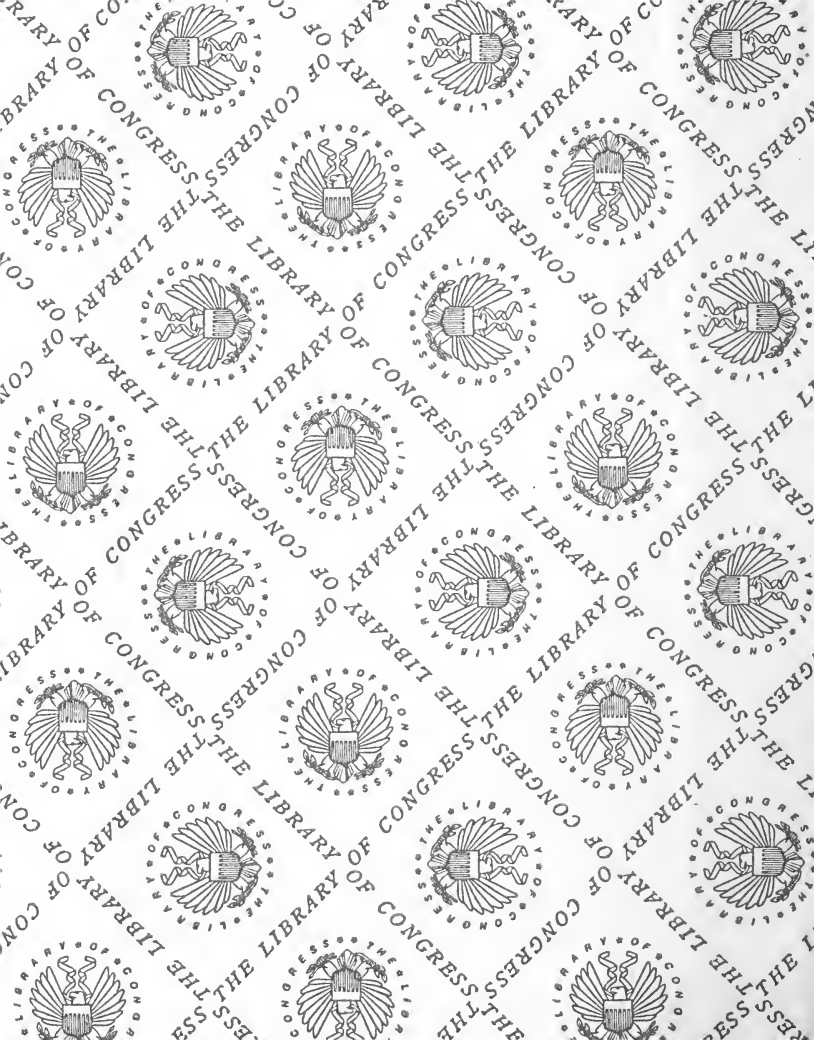
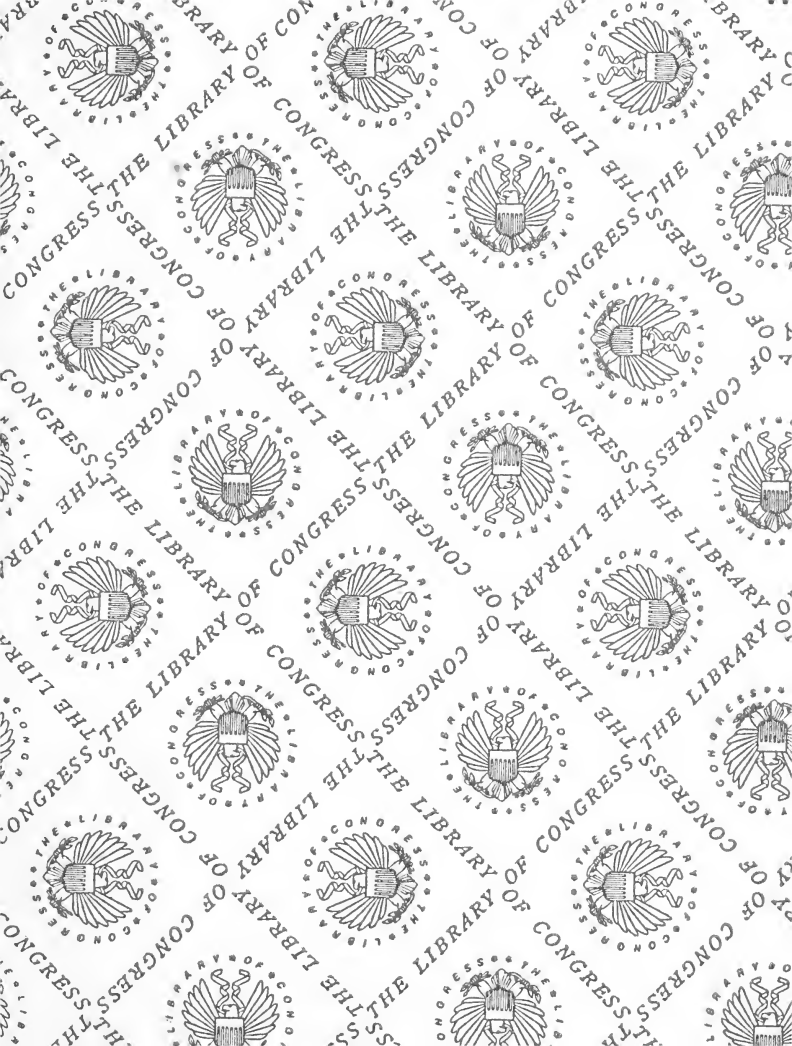


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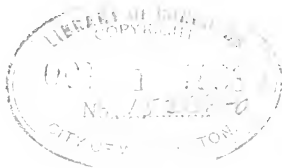


AUTUMN LEAVES

GATHERED FOR A FEW FRIENDS.

BY

L. M. MOREHEAD.



NEW YORK:
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,
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ROBERT RUTTER,
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116 and 118 East 14th Street.

“To the unquiet heart and brain
A use in measured language lies,
The sad mechanic exercise
Like dull narcotics lulling pain.”

The solace of many a weary time,
The pastime of many a lonely hour,
Like the cadence of bells in their musical chime,
Like the gathering of many a wayside flower,
Like the gush of affection when old friends meet,
The writing of this has been mournful, tho' sweet ;
Oh book ! guard thy secrets, for many there lie
Close hid from the gaze of the curious eye.

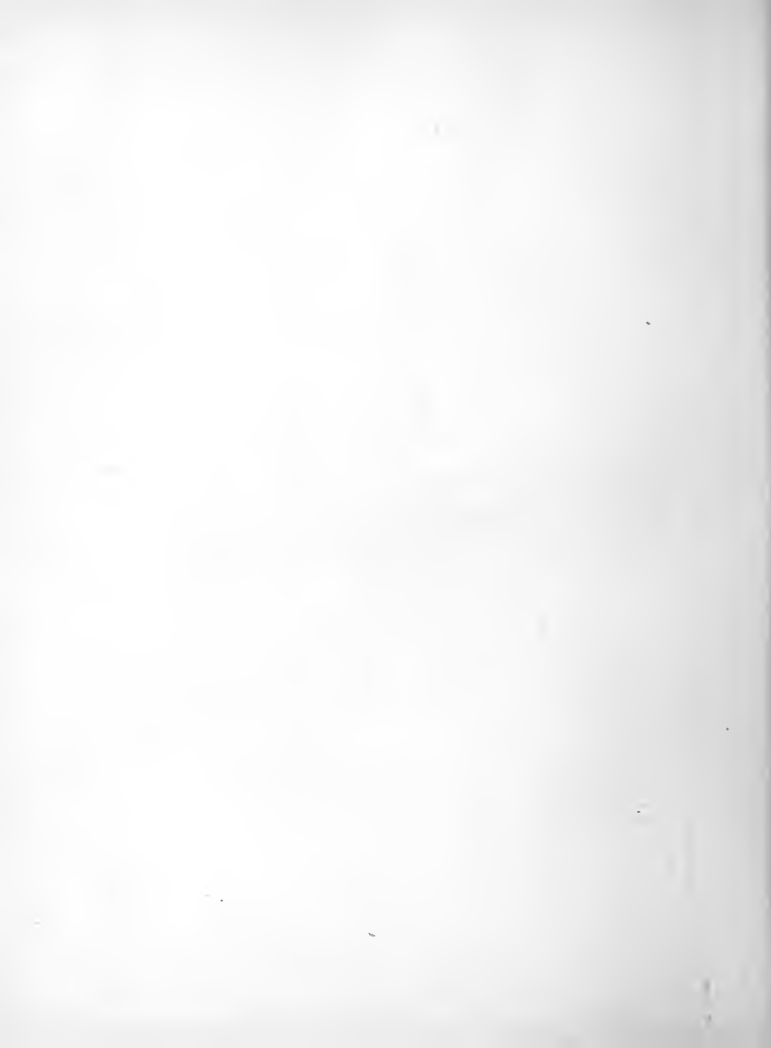


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MEMORIAL.



MY INSPIRATION.

MARCH 6, 1872.

" 'Twas 'Mother' ! in my triumph hour,
And 'Mother' ! in my time of tears."



O wish for fame—no vision bright,
No love romance—no hero knight,
Inspired this rhyming pen to write.

Only a "little lady" fair,
With earnest eyes and silvered hair,
Cheerful, yet worn with years of care ;

She was not beautiful nor young,
To coax or praise with flattering tongue ;
She only loved the lays I sung.

A little woman firm and true,
Whose counsel fell like gentle dew,
So frail, and yet so brave to do.

She scanned my heart with loving care,
Saw where life's storms had swept it bare
Of hopes that promised once so fair ;

Of quick perception to discern,
She felt the scarce awakened germ
Might to a grateful solace turn.

"Mother," on this, thy natal day,
Thy grave is white and far away,
Yet on the snow this flower I lay—

As o'er thy child thou bendest low,
Who dares to say thou canst not know :
That still for thee my numbers flow.

“WHY.”

TO E——, NOVEMBER 8, 1872.

“ So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true.”



NOBLE life that can not die,
A true pure presence ever nigh,
A hope that blesses—this is why
We all remember thee.

Not for thy growing manhood's grace
Just shadowing o'er thy youthful face,
Whose beauty pencil ne'er could trace,
Do I remember thee.

Not for thine eye of earnest blue,
Telling of purpose firm and true,
Tender, yet brave to dare or do
For honor or for me.

'Tis not that others are not fair,
Nor that I want for friends or care ;
Nor that my heart no love can share
 With love for thee.

For life hath ties yet pure and sweet,
And friends it glads my heart to greet,
While time yet treads with noiseless feet
 Toward heaven and thee.

The world is beautiful, I know,
With sunlit vales and peaks of snow,
Where stately rivers rise and flow
 On to the sea.

I welcome each returning spring,
I know the wealth the summers bring,
While all its beauty—each fair thing
 Tells me of thee.

For knowing thee men seemed more true,
With loving thee, love purer grew ;
While faltering faith fresh courage drew—
 Thus I remember thee.

TO E——, Nov. 8, 1866.

“Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.”



THOU'LT ne'er grow old, my darling,—in
God's fold

So safely housed from blighting heat and
cold.

There no fierce storm shall beat,—on thy fair head
Heaven's gentle dew shall evermore be shed ;

Ne'er to grow old, dear one, nor watch each parting
day,

The friend most loved and loving droop in slow
decay,

To lose some charm from life, to see some hope go
down,

And know our springs are dried, and all our fields
are brown—

And I shall know thee, darling, in that fairer land
Where thou canst ne'er grow old ; and touch thy
hand,

And hear thy voice and know its low pure tone,
And feel thee still my beautiful, my own.

TO E——, Nov. 8, 1867.

ALL that thy hand hath touched has precious grown,
And dearer grows as I draw nearer home,—
The home that claims thee, now seems strangely
near :

While death's dark stream hath neither chill nor fear
Since thou hast crossed its current,—cold and wide,
Ere thou didst stand upon its farther side,
And with thy graceful hand stretched out to me
Drawing me ever to thy home and thee ;
Oh ! when life's storms are sobbing faint and low,
When the long shadows fade and paler grow,
How sweet shall fall upon my wistful ear,
In tones so missed, so longed for, " Welcome, Mother
dear."

IN MEMORIAM.

OUR SOLDIER BOY, R. M.

"Thou hast the dew of thy youth."



O noontide sun had scorched the tender
grass,
On which thy youthful steps so lightly
fell ;

No breath of passion dimmed the crystal glass
Which mirrored life for thee with magic spell :
No cloud had risen o'er thy morning hours,
No rude wind brushed the dewdrop from the flowers.

Firm as thy faith in man, thy trust in God,
Pure as the dewdrop glistening on the lawn,
Free as the skylark springing from the sod
Singing in gladsome welcome to the dawn,
Crowned with the halo of thy love and truth
On thee forever rests "the dew of youth."

We would not, could not, loved one, call thee back,
Though much we miss thy gladsome, winning
ways,
To tread with us the worn and dusty track,
Whose flowers lie withering through the autumn
days,
To bear with us the burden and the heat
Or falter on life's march with bruised and weary
feet.

"The dew of youth" is thine, thy heart's pure trust
Ne'er learned to doubt if friend were false or
true ;
Ne'er learned that love could crumble into dust
Or truth and honor rule the noble few ;
The sparkles on the cup were thine, the dregs are
ours,—
Thou art crowned with living, we have withered
flowers.

ALONE !

“ One year, one year, one little year
And so much gone.”



NE year ago and thou wert here,
To wish “ good-morning ” and “ good-night,”
So tenderly to say “ good-bye,”
So sure to come with fading light ;

Sometimes to touch my braided hair
With such a lingering, fond caress,
That I too thought myself grown fair,
And dearer prized each silken tress.

One year ago I thought not how
The day could pass without thy aid ;
The morn could dawn, the noontide glow,
The sunlight into evening fade.

How shadowy now that hand has grown,
How faint, how far, that loving tone ;
I hear, I see them but in dreams,
And wake to find myself alone.

THROUGH SUFFERING.

“To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.”



YEAR after year the cross she bore,
Yet covered it with flowers,
And sweet the smile her face still wore
Through suffering's weary hours.

Her gentle presence ever thrilled
Our hearts with love intense,
The very air she breathed seemed filled
With heavenly innocence.

So sweet, so pure her life's evangel
Echoed with notes from heaven,
Walking with mortals, yet an uncrowned angel
With naught to be forgiven.

She heard a voice we could not hear,
The pearly gates stood open,
She knew God's love would dry each tear,
And heal each heart now broken.

Why mourn that she has gone before
To draw us up to Heaven?
A sweeter guide shall nevermore
To loving hearts be given.

Waiting upon the "shining shore"
Of Life's celestial river,
Her gentle influence brighter grows
In Heaven's pure light forever.

TRANSPLANTED.

"The op'ning bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it bloom forever there."

IN MEMORIAM.



He had a tiny flower,
That blossomed for an hour
Sweet and fair;
But "the gardener" came one day
And took the flower away
From our care.

He knew rude winds might blow,
He feared the chilling snow
Might impair
Its loveliness so pure,
So He took it "home"—I'm sure,
To His care.

Ah ! baby Nellie, why
Does our heart so ache and sigh
Still in vain,

Just to hear that coaxing "me,"
And that winning smile to see
Once again ?

But the music once so sweet
Of your little pattering feet
On the floor ;
With your coaxing, cunning ways,
Your tricks and baby plays,
Are no more.

And the tiny well-worn shoe
Lies motionless, while you,
Still and cold,
In a little coffin white
Are hidden from our sight,
'Neath the mold.

But Nellie, dear, we know
You will still in beauty grow,
Day by day,
In the "sweet bye-and-bye."
We will not question "why"
You went away.

THE CLOSE OF A BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE.

IN MEMORIAM.



HEN die the young, we say "'Tis well ;
How much is spared, ah ! who can tell,
Of sin or sorrow.

They ne'er can lose youth's tender bloom,
Nor know the fierce, the scorching noon
Of life's to-morrow."

But now a beautiful old age
Has closed its "book of life," each page
How bright and glowing,
So clean, so fair, each leaf appears,
No blot of withering doubt, no fears
Its record showing.

From his own heart he looked on man
And thus so tenderly did scan
The weak and erring,

While thus his God, tho' wise and just,
Was still "The Father" he could trust
As kind and loving.

Yes, noble was the brave, true heart,
And nobly did he act his part,
Till sternest duty
A loving worship seemed to be,
Where faith, and hope, and charity
Blended in beauty.

Along the straight and narrow way
He humbly walked, and, day by day,
To Heaven drew nearer.
A life of love can never die,
It only melts into the sky
To shine the clearer.

OUR LOST CHIEF.

Written on the day of the funeral ceremonies in honor of
Abraham Lincoln.



WISE, GOOD, and TRUE,—each simple word
Recalls the friend we mourn to-day ;
While every heart with love is stirred
As still those simple words we say.

So *wise* to choose the path of right,
So *good* to man, so *true* to God,—
Those words shall glow with living light,
And guide us in the path he trod.

We need not stumble, 'tis so clear
While truth and goodness point the way ;
The pure in heart can have no fear
In following *him* we mourn to-day.

Oh mothers of our stricken land !
Still for the living we should pray,
That they may grow *wise*, *good*, and *true*,
Like the loved chief we mourn to-day.

DAVID TOD.

GOV. OF OHIO IN 1863-4.

On the announcement to the Ohio Legislature of the death of Gov. Tod, Gen. S——, of “the House,” in pronouncing a eulogy on his character, read these lines which had been published in the morning paper.



O rust was on his harness when he fell—

Foremost in works of use and love to man,
The hearts that knew him best his worth
could tell,

How true the heart to prompt—how wise the
head to plan.

As tempered steel his purpose firm and true—

On which both friend and country well might
trust,
His kindness fell as falls the noiseless dew,
Lifting bruised hearts as flowers from out the
dust.

Lives so replete with noble acts seem all aglow ;
(As lowly panes are golden in the sun's decline,)
Rekindling faith in man, erewhile they show,
He still retains a spark of the Divine.

THE OPEN GATE.

"We walk through blindfold, and the noiseless doors
Close after us forever."



H turf so green, oh bending sky !
Oh flowers with luscious panting breath,
Ye smile, ye blossom, and ye die—
Can ye not solve the mystery—death?

We come with flowers—his own loved flowers,
Lilies with scented, tiny bell,
And by his grave through May's bright hours
We sit and of his virtues tell.

We smooth the sod with jealous care,
And sometimes drop a tender tear ;
We say how sweet he was—how fair !
We think none else could be so dear.

Why should we say "he was" ? we know
That he is living—loving still—
Where all his Heaven-born gifts may grow,
Where purer love his heart may thrill.

We think of all his progress now—
How all his hopes fruition bear,
With ne'er a doubt of why or how,
Nor shadow of an earth-born care.

His life we say "was sunshine lent,"
Or like the dew to blossoms given,
And know the grave through which he went
Was but the "Open Gate" to Heaven.

“THERE.”

“The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is *There*.”



T hath been often said,
“Life is not worth the living,” that the years
But silver o’er the head,
And dim the eyes with many, many tears.

I know ’tis sad to live,
When those we loved the best have gone before ;
Gone, we would fain believe,
To wait for us upon a happier shore.

Ah ! near the pearly gates,
Which open wide on streets of purest gold,
I know my mother waits,
For mother-love can ne’er grow faint nor cold.

Kindly she’ll welcome me,
For here her heart was ever slow to blame,
And ah, it can not be
That hearts should grow less kind near love’s pure
flame.

Oh, honored father dear,
How many long and weary years have passed
Since thou didst teach me here
Thy faith so beautiful—ah, still I hold it fast.

In heaven so long !
With happy ones who know not grief nor tears,
With that blessed throng,
How can he know of all my doubts and fears ?

And there I know is one
Whose strong young arm was bared through life
for me,
My brave true son,
Sweet to my heart will thy glad welcome be.

Another waits me there,
Who loved me once, when I was young and fair,
With braids of sunny hair ;
But will he know me now, so bowed with care ?

Ah ! in that radiant clime
All trace of age or pain will disappear ;
Fresh in my youthful prime,
He'll know me there without a stain or tear.

We should not "wish to die,"

Though "fields are green" beyond the swelling
tide ;

Though dear ones hover nigh

To take our hand upon the other side.

I dare not "wish to die,"

Till He who placed me here shall call me home ;

Here let me humbly try

To learn His will, if yet my task is done.

Nor do I "wish to die,"

But calmly wait to hear the storm subside,

When the last "sweet good-bye"

Shall speed me kindly o'er the swelling tide.

“BACK AGAIN.”

THROUGH THE OLD CHURCH DOOR.



T the church so rustic and homely,
Through the old familiar door,
I passed to the seat so lonely,
Where oft I had sat before ;
And the Holy Book stood open,
While the teacher's words to-day
Were the words of our blessed Saviour
Before He “went away.”

“I have many things to say, beloved,
But ye can not bear them now.
Of all, ye shall know hereafter,
If in faith ye humbly bow.”
Then into my heart there came stealing
A spirit of peace and of rest,
But how, or why came the feeling
“He knows who knoweth best.”

While the years on their noiseless hinges
Turned back to my wistful view,
Till the past with the present blended,
And I saw as the angels do :
As close to my heart seemed pressing
The loved ones one by one,
Till the air was filled with blessing,
And the lone one not alone,—

Then I saw the dear old "Mother,"
As oft I had seen her there :
I knew it was she and no other
Who knelt by my side in prayer ;
For the hair was so soft and clinging,
Though the gray had changed to gold,
And the voice I heard then singing,
Had never grown faint nor old.


And near to my side sat another,
With rings of clustering hair,
The sorely missed elder "brother,"
"My boy," so good and so fair,
So manly, so tall and slender,
"My pride" in the years gone by ;
I felt his care yet so tender,
In the glance of his earnest eye.

Then three little lads so sturdy
Seemed to nestle close by me,
Alas ! they have sailed from home's moorings
Far out on life's turbulent sea ;
While here in the church so homely,
Where we worshipped long years before,
I sat so calmly and lonely,
Thinking it o'er and o'er ;

Till my heart, so full and so throbbing,
Grew wondrous calm and still,
As the child subdues its sobbing
At the loving mother's will :
And the dark and the doubt grew lighter
Of why was it thus and so ;
While the weary path grew brighter
Down the chequered long ago.

NOT YET.

“When I shall answer to my angel name.”

“OME day” when we shall know as we are
known,
When lonely hearts shall be no more alone,
When forth from prison bars the bird has flown,
“Some day”—

When we shall vainly strive to track its flight
While soaring upward toward the radiant light
Which faith assures shall bless our longing sight
“Some day”—

Not yet while care still shadows o’er my brow,
Nor yet while earthly love is strong as now,
But, dear one, I shall be as pure as thou,
Some day—

My restless heart will cease its longings vain,
Forgive the friend or foe who dealt the pain,
When I shall answer to my angel name,
Some day.

Never again, O heart, to hunger as of old,
Nor fear the coming storm, nor shrink from cold,
Sheltered so safe within the Shepherd's fold,
Some day.

My cheek will show no channel for a tear,
No earthly soil will on my robes appear,
My trembling voice again be strong and clear
Some day.

When I shall sorrow never, never more,
To hear the coming of the boatman's oar,
That bears our loved ones to the viewless shore,
Some day.

AT-ONE-MENT.



T one with Thee, dear Lord, my spirit longs
To know that strife and conflict now may
cease ;

It pants to hear the glad, triumphant songs
Telling of warfare past, and rest, and peace.

Oh ! blessed atonement, which indeed atones
For all the seeming wrong, the ill, the pain,
That e'en the ruthless tyrant, self, dethrones,
And plants the sterile wastes with golden grain.

To have no will but Thine, O blessed Lord,
To humbly walk the path Thyself hath trod,
To rest serenely on Thy promised Word,
Is not *this* being reconciled to God ?

THOU KNOWEST BEST.

“I will lead them in paths that they have not known.”



OD'S way is not like ours—

We would have brightness only—each long
summer day,

While from the perfumed flowers
Rude winds should never steal one fragrant breath
away ;—

No dark, or threatening cloud
Should ever stain the blue of Heaven's fair canopy,
No thunder long and loud
Should break the eternal calm of sky, and earth, and
sea ;

With fevered lips how soon
The famished earth from fountains locked and
sealed,
Would crave that richest boon
Which only clouds and storms can ever yield :

God's way is not like ours,
We would have only joy—the eye should know no
tear,

Nor through the long night hours
Should weary sufferers toss—nor fond hearts throb
with fear ;

No rudely wakened dream
Should show the precipice on which we blindly
stood,

No disappointment keen
Arouse the soul to seek the true, the only good.

Death should ne'er take away
The firm, true heart on which our own could rest,
That we might learn to pray,
“Thy will, not mine, be done.” “Thou knowest
best.”

God's way is not like ours,
He leads us ever by a “path we have not known”—
Through thorns perchance or flowers,—
It still will bring us to “His Rest, our Home.”

SOME DAY.

“ When my ships come home.”



SHALL be rich *some day* in sums untold
Of light and love—more dear than pearls
and gold,
When all my ships come home, so seamed and old,
Some day ;

Freighted they were, with faith, and hope, and trust,
Oh, precious stores ! dearer than golden dust,
They will bring some return, I feel they must,
Some day.

My ships are coming home ; I know how they
Have braved the storms while on their homeward
way,
But—they will anchor in some quiet bay,
Some day.

I see the clouds—I hear the wind's low wail,
I fear them not, the “ Promise ” can not fail,

And I shall see the land-approaching sail,
Some day.

With "oil and wine" from off some sunny shore,
With gold and gems, O rich and precious store !
I ne'er shall want for light, no, nevermore !
Some day.

The shadows lengthen toward the coming night,
My ships are nearing land with sails so white,
I shall be rich—in love, and warmth, and light,
Some day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REST AFTER GREAT ANXIETY.

“He shall not be afraid of evil tidings.”

HOW peacefully the week has closed, which
opened full of fears,
How calm its sunlight dies away, which
dawned thro' mists and tears;
To my strained ear, the evening wind sobs out a
kind farewell,
No “evil tidings” it has brought—nor cruel tale to
tell.

Pass to thy rest forever, O troubled, anxious week,
One heart shall ever kindly of thy vanished hours
• speak.

For though thy morn was clouded o'er with gloomy
doubts and fears,
Thy evening showed its rainbow, arched with grate-
ful smiles and tears.

Oh! for that higher, firmer faith in the promise
Thou hast made,


That he whose "heart is fixed on Thee" need never
be afraid ;
No haunting "noonday shadows," nor "evil tid-
ings" come
To pale the eye with weeping, or strike the senses
dumb.

How blest are they—the happy few—who that sweet
trust attain,
Even sorrow on their quiet hearts, falls like a sum-
mer rain.
O'er sunny slopes, or rocky steeps, with even steps
they tread,
While light from the "Eternal Hills" upon their
path is shed.

THE OTHER LIFE.

“It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we can not see ;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.”

—MRS. STOWE.

“HE other life,” ah ! what is it ?
Luring forever from our side
The helpful heart, the willing hand,
Leaving us still to breast the tide.

“The other life” that looks so dark,
Yet many timid ones have gone
Into that vast uncertain void,
As home-bound swallows breast the storm.

“The other life” that seems so far
From home, with all its tender ties,
Yet, loving hearts the soonest go
To seek that life beyond the skies ;

“The other life,” ah ! can it need
As we the hearts so true and brave ?
Our need seems sorest—yet they go,
Leaving fond hearts to ache and crave.

“The other life” takes all we love,
And gives us nothing in return
Save hands that beckon from above,
And pitying hearts that o’er us yearn.

“The other life”—its circle grows
And widens with each fleeting year,
While link by link the chain is forged
That draws us near, and yet more near.

“The other life”—its open gate
Lies just across the grave, we know ;
’Tis open with the summer flowers,
Nor closed when falls the winter’s snow.

“The other life”—prophetic pen
Alone its wondrous bliss has told ;
Only prophetic ears have heard
The music from its harps of gold.

“The other life”—how mystic seems
That sound to dull, insensate ears !
Yet kindred voices sing the songs
That swell throughout its heavenly spheres.

SLEEPING GERMS.



HERE comes a time when, stern and hard,
The tree points coldly to the sky,
When winds no gentle whisperings speak,
But fiercely through the branches cry.

While far beneath congealing frosts
Kind nature hides a fountain sweet,
One day to swell those fibres hard
And with new life the spring to greet.

There comes a time when tender youth
Is met by passion's hateful glare,
When reasonings false assail the truth,
When childish seems the long-used prayer.

There comes a time when selfhood rears
Its haughty front of daring pride,
When "what I will" is all its aim,
When every sense seems glorified.

There comes a time when counsels seem
Like idle words or foolish play,
As pearls when found by savage hands
Seem worthless stones to fling away.

Beneath all this lie little germs
Like last year's flower's scattered seed,
(Erewhile above them rankly grows
Many an idle, baleful weed),

Sown by a mother's wistful care
Far back in happy childhood's years,
When penitent for wilful wrong,
Her sweet rebuke brought gentle tears.

God guards with care these tender germs
Lest passion scorch their latent power,
Or faithless friend with bitter taunt
Blight them in youth's unguarded hour.

Some day some tender, searching word
May wake to life that latent power,
As spring-time sets the juices free
That soon may grow to fruit and flower.

“SORROW MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT,
BUT JOY COMETH IN THE
MORNING.”




H, fisherman, haste from the darkening west ;
Fly, little bird, fly to your sheltering nest ;
Cling, timid child, cling to the hand you
love best ;
For the storm beats heavily.

The bird never reached the sheltering tree,
The boat rides adrift on the pitiless sea ;
The hand has dropped from the child, ah me !
So cold and so heavily.

But again shines the sun o'er the wreck-strewn sand,
And many birds sing through the storm-drenched
land,
While the soothed child clings to another kind hand,
Singing on so merrily.

Thus sorrow will come and sorrow will go,
Thus the tide of our life will ebb and will flow,
And the sunshine come after the rain, we know,
Tho' the storm beat heavily.

WHO KNOWS?

“  H ! it seems such a pity to take it away,”
The Death Angel tenderly whispered one
day

To his twin brother, Sleep, who watched by the bed,
Where slumbered yet calmly a bright curly head.

“ ’Tis twice I have folded my dark wings before,
Just waiting to enter this love-guarded door ”;
Then turned from the portal, “ Not yet must he die,
While so tenderly loved ; I will come by and by.

“ Ah ! it seems such a pity, once more I have come
On my errand of mercy to call the child home.
Again I have folded my wings at the door ;
I have waited in vain, for they love him the more ;
More beautiful still is that casket of clay
Where dwells the young soul I must beckon away.
Ah ! sweet brother Sleep, how sad and how stern
Must I seem to the fond hearts that over it yearn.

“ Ah ! it seems such a pity, your watch has been long,
And tender and kind as his mother’s low song,

Kissing down his fair eyelids, while soothing each
fear,

For you come with a blessing, I bring but a tear ;
But see ! down his pathway, what pitfalls are there ;
On the cheek of his mother lie furrows of care ;
And you, gentle Sleep, may forsake him some day,
Then think 'twas in mercy I called him away."

“TEARS, (NOT) IDLE TEARS.”

“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.”



AST Philoe's graven stones—o'er Egypt's
burning sands

Stately and calm her wondrous river flows ;
While dusky toilers till the thirsty lands,
He all-unheeding toward the ocean goes.

The stony Sphinx, who keeps her secret well,
Looks calmly on as still the months go by ;
Old Memnon murmurs, but no tale will tell
Where the vast river's hidden fountains lie.

The sun shines on, the moons still wax and wane,
He heeds no murmurs, yields to no caress ;
Wisely he bides his hour—then not in vain
He overflows to vivify and bless.

Tears thus should be as soft, persuasive rain,
Which breaks and melts the long, unyielding clod ;
Where patient hands may reap the golden grain,
Or children gather daisies from the sod.

Oft-lavished tears but waste the heart's rich soil,
On which high hopes and noble thoughts should
grow,
As summer's wasting storms undo the toil
Of careful hands, or spring's benignant glow.

Then waste not tears : their fount should guarded be,
That no impatient touch unlock its deep recess ;
With wise and tender love let the supply be free—
That it may only overflow to save and bless.

RETROSPECTION.

"Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward."—EXODUS
xiv. 15.

BACKWARD along life's path I would to-day,
Retrace my weary steps,
Such faltering steps that were not so alway,
But firm and strong,—perhaps

It is because the devious, way-worn path
Looks all too rugged now,
Where furrow follows furrow in the swath
Of time's relentless plough.

The stubble rustles in the fields so brown,
Lying the path beside,
The hill seems steeper, while the furzy down
Looks cold and bleak and wide.

Where are the flowers that blossomed in the grass,
And where the waving grain?
I miss the Lark's wild carol as I pass
Across the dusty plain.

Just here I stumbled once—can I forget
That cruel, sad mistake?
My heart-strings quiver as I write—and yet—
It seemed the way to take.

The children that once walked this path with me
Are busy, bearded men,
While some “are not,” or seem, alas! to be
At times so far,—and then

I lift above the roadway trusting eyes,
And ofttimes see quite clear
Pictured against the glowing, sunset skies,
Those missing ones so dear.

Onward, my soul—the past is thine no more,
The future leave to God—
“He leadeth thee”—“The Master goes before,”
Follow the path He trod.

To-day is ours to fill with love and life—
“Forward” its bugle call
To wiser effort and to nobler strife,
’Gainst evil’s power and thrall.

IMPLORA.

WRITTEN FOR THE WOMAN'S "TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT" IN OHIO.

"Ye shall reap if ye faint not."



Oh ! woman, faint not ! though the wished-
for morning
Delayeth long to bless thy waiting sight :
The darkest hour is just before the dawning
Dispels the gloom, the hopeless blank of night.

Oh ! woman, faint not ; through the night so dreary,
One watched for thee—forsaken and alone,
Praying in agony while worn and weary,
With none to "watch one hour" with Him, not
one !

Oh ! woman, faint not ; on His truth relying,
Fear not to walk where He, our Master, trod ;
Humbly like Him—all pride, all self denying,
Striving to win the wretched back to God.

Oh ! woman, faint not ; by the cross still kneeling
 Did woman pray whilst others watched afar—
 First to the grave—with tender footsteps stealing,
 Came woman ere had paled the morning star.

Oh ! woman, faint not, while ye still remember
 The loving heart our Master ever bore ;
 “Woman, behold thy Son”—those words so tender
 Seem fraught with meaning never felt before.

Oh ! woman, faint not ; fathers, sons, and brothers
 Have failed to help in this, our sorest need ;
 Strong is the foe, yet God will help the mothers :
 He sees their tears—He knows the hearts that
 bleed.

Oh ! woman, faint not ; hearts to thee are turning
 Whose life-blood year by year and drop by drop
 Has wasted silently—while vainly yearning
 Above the wrong no love nor tears could stop.

Oh ! woman, faint not—many hands imploring,
 Stretch out to thee a stained and trembling palm ;
 Those hands may yet be raised in praise adoring,
 Helped by thy earnest prayer, won by thy Sabbath
 psalm.

Oh ! woman, faint not ; lo ! a cloud all-glorious
Of witnesses surrounds thee day by day ;
Courage like thine must make thy faith victorious,
Courage to work, and faith to watch and pray.

Oh ! woman, faint not, though the morn delayeth,
“ Behold we count them happy which endure.”
Of many, angels say, “ Behold, he prayeth ! ”
There’s “ joy in heaven,” God’s promises are sure.

BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

“ And there shall be no night there.”



H! night so beautiful! shall we not miss thee “there”?

The holy night that brings sweet rest from care,

That draws her kindly veil o’er drooping flowers,
That soothes to sleep the striving, tired hours!

Shall we not miss the planets come and go,
As here we watch for them from sun to snow,
The morning stars that hail the dawning light,
The star of evening, herald of the night?

The wayward meteors flashing to and fro,
The steadfast stars that o’er us burn and glow,
Old watchful Sirius sparkling like a gem,
With all the priceless jewels of night’s diadem!

We shall not miss the gold, the gems of day,
For “there” our feet shall tread the shining way,

Where gates of pearl still guard the golden street,
Where golden harps our eager ears shall greet.

We shall not miss the flowers, for "there" we know
Beside the "tree of life" they bloom and grow ;
More beautiful than we have dreamed in happiest
 hours
Are those immortal, "never-withering flowers."

"No night is there," for "there" they need no sleep ;
"There labor is but rest"—"there" none may weep.
"Our Father's" work they do, and blest are they
 who share
In that sweet work of ministry and care.

“TO-MORROW.”

“Dreaming of a to-morrow, which to-morrow
Will be as distant then as 'tis to-day.”



OW canst thou cheat us so,
Oh life ! as day by day and year by year
Our thoughts move restless ever to and
fro,
Eager to seize the good that seems so near
With hope's to-morrow.

So near—and yet so far !
Our hand had almost grasped it one fair day,
And still it lures us like a radiant star
Whose light may prove that fitful, specious ray
That leads to sorrow.

Ah ! why not bring to-day
The good thy mocking lips have promised long,
Our need is sorest now—to-morrow, dost thou say,
Ever to-morrow ?

A boon may come too late,
As light to him whose weary life had passed
Within the dungeon's gloom, ah, cruel fate !
To-morrow came too late—and light at last
Brought only sorrow.

"To-morrow," say the waves,
The stormy waters will have sunk to sleep,
To-morrow's sun will gild the peaceful graves
Of men who now 'round camp-fires slumber deep,
Nor fear to-morrow.

"To-morrow I will come"—
Thus speaks the lover after "sweet good-night."
To-morrow, says the mother, will my boy return ;
Ah ! thus thro' life thy song though sad or bright
Is still to-morrow.

To-morrow ! dost thou say ?
To-morrow ! will it bring us love or gold ?
Art true at last—or dost thou cheat away,
Will all my ships come home, tho' seamed and old,
Yet safe to-morrow ?

ONLY A WORKER.

We might have been !
“ The saddest words of tongue or pen.”



OST hopes, lost joys, lost youth !—how wan
it looks—

Life, with so much of light and warmth
gone out ;

(We often read of such sad lives in books,
Sometimes with tears—and oft with many a
doubt ;)

Yet life still lingers, though so much has gone,
We gaze back wistful o'er the darkened scene—
We ask, if yet our task is almost done
We think of all we should or “ might have been.”

I “ might have been ” a star, to throw one ray of light
Over the darkened path of those who trod
Through clouds and storm, still struggling through
the night,
Groping and searching for the way to God.

I "might have been" a poem, pure and true,
Soothing some sorrowing heart with tender
words—

Bracing some sinking soul to life anew,
Or glad'ning childhood, like the song of birds.

I "might have been" a fountain, cool and clear,
Such as from desert rock once freely burst,
Where timid bird could dip without a fear,
Or grateful travelers pause to quench their thirst.
Emblem of purity and Truth Divine—

What blessings could I yield to fainting men!
What lessons from each crystal drop should shine!
Lessons ne'er graved by diamond nor by pen.

I "might have been" a flower sweet and rare,
With beauty such as painter ne'er could plan,
Pouring out fragrance on the unconscious air
While wafting heavenward, praise from grateful
man.—

I have been but a beggar—stretching out
Beseeching hands, craving more love, more light
Upon the path so rough, so hedged about
With thorns, and often dark as starless night.

I have been but a worker, tired and worn,
Yet watchful ever, trembling, fearful—lest

The Master find me sleeping—when that morn
Shall rise—where work is sweet, and labor is but
rest.

Accept my work, O Lord ! and if at times
My heart shrank from the task appointed me—
If fancy pictured brighter, softer climes
To which, like wearied dove, I fain would flee,

Forgive the heart that beauty loved too well,
Found life too stern, thy world too fair for me,
And teach that heart with grateful love to swell,
That Thou shouldst suffer me to work for Thee.

WHY NOT?

"Oh, beautiful Faith, make it clear."



ES—Faith is a beautiful vestal,
Who comes white-robed and serene,
When will and belief are in conflict,
To stand as an angel between,—
To say to the turbulent passion
Of hearts as they chafe and they swell,
"Be still,"—after life's fitful fever
Believe me it all will be well.

She stands by the shadowy valley
Into which so bewildered we gaze,
While we seek for our loved ones so vainly
With eyes that would pierce thro' its maze,
And tells us "the vale is not gloomy,"
The way not so weary nor long,
That our dear ones are still very near us—
We almost might join in their song.

She tells you your loved ones are happy,
She whispers you'll meet them again,
You believe—while you feel as you listen,
Your heart craves them ever the same ;
When you falter so footsore and weary
She places a staff in your hand
And says, "While the path may be rugged,
It leads to a beautiful land."

At the storm-cloud when lowest and darkest
She gazes with uplifted eye,
And tells you that soon in its beauty
The rainbow will span the clear sky.
"Be patient," 'tis but for an hour—
The pitiless sleet and the rain—
Ah, yes ! she can teach us to suffer,
But, alas ! can she take away pain ?

She brings you a cup—oh ! so bitter,
And says, if you only will try
To drink it without e'en a murmur,
How sweet it will be by and by ;
"But here," says the heart in its anguish,
Ah ! why not be happy while here !
When the earth is so fair in its beauty,
Oh, beautiful Faith, make it clear.

FADING FIRELIGHT FANCIES.

"The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark."



S lonely watching by the firelight's glow,
When night has shut out careful, restless
day,
Thought, like a tireless sentry, to and fro
Treads the long round of Memory's sacred way ;

The "via sacra," lined with tombs and graves,—
Where sleep the buried hopes of bygone years,
While over all Love's cherished flower still waves—
The sweet "forget-me-not," planted with many
tears ;

Pleasant the hour, although I sit alone,
And watch the fading embers slowly die,
And hear the cricket chirp with homely tone,
While on the wall fantastic shadows lie.

'Tis then I dream of all that "might have been,"
And dare to dream of joys that yet might be ;
Paint with sweet Fancy's pen each glowing scene,
Such as Hope whispers yet might wait for me.

In that calm hour when earth-born care is still,
To higher, purer good my thoughts aspire,
With firm resolves that Self no more shall chill
The warm life-current fed by Heaven's own fire :—

Then sweet affections, which, like brooding dove,
Nestled so closely through the prying day,
With gentle murmurs stir the depths of love
To throb and swell beneath their potent sway.

Then to the heart seem absent friends more near,
(And one we think of oft,—but seldom name,)
While through its chambers sweeps the secret fear,
Lest he should ne'er return to us the same.

Sometimes beyond the fitful embers glow
Sweet, earnest eyes, with wistful gaze I see—
A sister's eyes looked thus long years ago—
And now in Heaven are looking out for me.

Fading, still fading ;—now the light is gone—
I hear the April wind's low, sobbing cry—
Dreaming—still dreaming—yet I sit alone,
While at my feet the pale, cold ashes lie.

SO LONG AGO.

"Bliss was it then to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven."



OST thou remember, sweet, those careless
days—

The walks—the talks—our merry childish
plays—

So fair, so faint, through the enfolding haze
Of long ago?—

Is it so long? Why, life is short, they say—
And sad,—ah, well! let that be as it may,
Sorrow at least seemed far away, that day
So long ago.

Hast played at hide-and-seek in grass so high—
Hast ever seen since then so blue a sky—
Or has it seemed so near to you and I—
As long ago?

Where noisy rooks were cawing overhead,
Under the pines one day we sat and read,
Choosing a hero from the book—we said—
So long ago;

Two little maidens free and happy quite,
And you,—so lovely in the golden light,
That flickered through the pines,—so warm and
bright,

And long ago.

Above the brook, where loud it splashed and rang,
Two orioles had thought their nest to hang,
While to its rippling fall they trilled and sang
So long ago ;

Ah ! do they chase the pilfering blue-bird now ?
Flashing their oriflame from bough to bough,
Where little maidens watched with upturned brow,
So long ago ?

And heroes,—o'er our path hast ever strayed
One true and noble, as—the book portrayed—
The chosen ideal of each little maid—
So long ago.

The brook ne'er tired us with its rippling song,
Though then, as now, it babbled on and on,
Through summer days that never seemed too long,
So long ago.

After a day so rounded, so complete,
Dost thou remember how our busy feet
Came home "so tired," and sleep was oh, so sweet,
So long ago?

And how we climbed the cool grey rocks to find
The tenderest ferns, hiding so coy behind
From prying sunbeams—or the wooing wind
So long ago?

We've climbed more rugged rocks since then, my
sweet,
With patient hearts still toiling up the steep,
We never knew of bruised or wearied feet—
So long ago.

Dost thou remember how we watched the moon
In dreamy talk on through the night's still noon,
Till peace and rest enwrapped the shadowy room
So long ago?

Or when we watched the fireflies pale and glow,
Dodging the bats swift whirling to and fro—
While crickets chirped their monotone so slow,
Long, long ago?

The owl that called so quaintly from the tree,
Seemed but a jolly rogue upon a spree,
Filling the air with weird, wild minstrelsy
Long, long ago ;

Is it so long ?—it seems but yesterday—
Yet one is changed, and one grown sad and grey,
Since little maidens watched the water's play—
Long—long ago.

A SUM IN CANCELLATION.

A LESSON FOR FLIRTS.



YES ! let us cancel all the debt
That lies between us—it is best
To square accounts before we go
On separate paths, or—e'en to rest.

Some songs we've sung together—and
Some stories told—which did not lie,
Some hieroglyphics traced in sand,
Which none could read but you, or I.

Some flowers have withered in our hands,
Gathered in happy hours gone by,
They talk of love in "eastern lands,"
With flowers which blossom but to die ;

Some pleasant walks we can't forget—
O'er fragrant grass in twilight hours,
I meant to blot out all—and yet—
Fragrance will hang 'round withered flowers.

Forget, I pray, one evening, when
My cheek burned with a richer glow,
The crimsoned sun was setting then—
To him that blush I well might owe.

Some sighs and tears are laid away,
Where memory stores forbidden things,
We need not reckon them, I hope,
With songs, and books, and flowers—and rings ;

You never knew how hot the tears,
Nor weighed how heavy were the sighs,
And should we meet in coming years
You'll think, "how time has dimmed those eyes."

And now our hearts stand lone and cold,
'Twere wise to knock at Friendship's door,
And learn of him so tried and old,
To be but friends, and—nothing more.

A FAREWELL TO SCHOOL-DAYS.

CLASS SONG FOR COMMENCEMENT.



GOLDEN years, turn back and show
Your record fair of happy hours,
When, gathering food for sternest need,
We seemed, like bees, to sip from flowers.

Far into life your promise streams,
Shedding a light o'er paths untried ;
While argosies of hope and trust,
O'er life's wide ocean seem to glide.

Sweetened by friendship's tender grace,
A generous rival each became ;
Such purpose high shone in each face,
E'en emulation gave no pain.

Forth from this day our paths diverge,
Some leading up the mountain's steep,
Some tending to sweet sheltered homes,
Where all may smile and some may weep.

O youth's sweet spring-time, fare thee well,
 (O friends ! we part with happy tears.)
Our future lives thy praise must tell,
 A harvest for those budding years.

O vanished years of patient toil !
 Youth's garnered sheaf of well-spent hours,
The toil is all forgotten now ;
 We only see the fruit and flowers.

SEA CHANGES.

“O sea ! old sea ! who yet knows half of thy wonders or thy pride !”



H ! the tribute that the sea brings
As lavishly each wave flings
Some dainty weed or blossom upon the
tide-washed sand ;

From every white-fringed swell
Is flung a tinted shell,
To hide in nook or crevice for childhood's eager
hand.

Oh ! the beauty that the sea holds !
While jealously each wave folds
Within its swelling bosom the dainty fragile things ;
Now shines a crimson star,
Or iridescent spar,
While tiny univalves float by on grey and silver
wings.

What changes doth the sea bring !
Not poesy's imagining
Could from decay such beauty, such wondrous
things evoke ;

If mermaids weep, we know
There pearls and amber grow,
And lofty coral islands rise where tiny insects work.

Oh ! the beauty that the sea holds !
Where lovingly its arm folds
Around some spicy island where nods the plummy
palm ;
Where leaping waves are bright
With phosphorescent light,
And glides the fairy nautilus through waters soft
and calm.

What marvels doth the sea show,
As to and fro the tides flow,
Responsive to the lady moon who looks so calm
below ;
Where quivering waters greet
Her glance so bright and sweet,
While throbs her pulse in measure to the water's
ebb and flow.

Oh ! the stories that the sea tells !
While back and forth each wave swells,
Revealing to the sunlight some secret kept for years ;

A briny, broken spar
Drifts by from shores afar,
Where treacherous rocks were hiding—cruel as
siren's tears.

Oh ! sadly doth the sea moan !
While breaking 'round some grey stone,
A sentinel above the spot where once a ship went
down ;
The rock, so stern and cold,
Heeds not the requiem old,
The moving sea seems pitiful—the rock can only
frown.

Above the wreck the sea rolls,
While surging waves the bell tolls,
Heard only by the mermaid within her crystal cave,
Where coral forests grow,
Spreading their fronds of snow,
And no disturbing billows reach that quiet ocean
grave.

A GARNERED SHEAF.



HAD a dream—it boots not how,
Or why, or where, it came to me,
Its gladness lingers o'er me now,
Its glowing radiance still I see.

Within its promise care ne'er came,
Nor dark suspicion e'er had birth,
For like the bird of eastern fame,
Its joyous flight scarce touched the earth.

I know it brightened many an hour
That else had been both dark and cold,
And wakened many a wayside flower
That else had slept beneath the mold.

And sweeter grew the songs I sung
As spring-time swells the wild bird's strain,
And though above me clouds still hung,
I saw the rainbow, not the rain.

It fell upon my heart like dew,
The awak'ning I can ne'er regret,
For though its blissful hours were few,
Their memory lingers with me yet.

The dream whose lines were once so bright
Has vanished with the summer's leaves ;
While hopes which bloomed in summer's light
Are garnered with my autumn sheaves

BROWN STUDIES FOR NOVEMBER'S
EASEL.



CLOSED is the brilliant pageant of the slowly
passing year,
Her scarlet banners float no more o'er wood-
land far and near ;
Worn nature dons her russet hood and throws her
garlands down,
While shrunken lie her summer springs and "all her
fields are brown."

Where once our eyes were gladdened by the fresh
and nodding grain,
The long, brown furrow naked lies, beneath the
falling rain ;
Through all the melancholy days the heavens wear
a frown,
While shrunken are our summer springs, and "all
our fields are brown."

O'er distant hills of sombre tint the crafty sports-
man strays,
Tracking the shy, brown rabbit home, close hiding
from his gaze ;
Heavily falls the autumn haze enfolding wood and
town,
Where summer springs are shrunken and "fields
are bare and brown."

In golden brown the partridge gleans the field for
scattered seed,
Fleeing for safety through the brush or in the tan-
gled weed ;
While noisy, happy school-boys shake the prickly
chestnut down,
We mourn our summer springs so dry and "fields
so bare and brown."

His glossy plume of golden brown, the tiny chip-
munk waves,
While the acorn and the beechnut with cunning
care he saves ;
Beneath the oak, in simple trust, he lays his treas-
ure down,
While we,—alas ! "our springs are dry, and all our
fields are brown."

The mocking jay flits by us as we bind our meagre
 sheaves,
With trembling hearts we listen to the rustle of the
 leaves,
For under leaves so sere and brown we laid our
 treasures down
And know "our summer springs are dry and all our
 fields are brown."

AN OCTOBER PICTURE.



HERE the pale shadows are stealthily grop-
ing

Over the lawn to the near woodland sloping,
Stands a tall aster in purple most royal,
Still to the late autumn sunshine so loyal.
Many a daintier flower has perished,
Blossoms the dew and the sunshine had cherished,
While still o'er the aster the butterflies hover,
From forest and meadow comes each little rover,
The dainty white butterfly,
The silver-winged butterfly,
And still through the haze
Of autumn's soft days,
Around the tall aster the butterfly plays.

Flower and foliage are fading and dying,
October breezes are plaintively sighing,
Filling the air with a requiem tender,
Bearing from woodland its tribute of splendor,
Over and over repeating the story,
Summer is passed with its beauty and glory ;

Yet staunch to the last, the aster looks cheery,
While tiny, brave butterflies never grow weary.

 The frail tiny butterfly,
 The gay summer butterfly,
 Through the gathering haze
 Of late autumn days
Around the tall aster still flutters and plays.


These pictures so fair, are sweet to remember
When autumn's grey light grows dark with December,

When through the chill air no bee shall be humming :

Nor silvery wing to the aster be coming :
For stark on the lawn, bereft of its glory,
Its brown withered leaf will tell the sad story,
That the winter of life will be darksome and dreary
When fond waiting hearts grow wistful and weary

 While watching for white wings,
 The vanishing bright wings,
 And peer through the haze
 Of life's tangled maze,
For a gleam of the wings now passed from their gaze.

WAITING.

 HE leafless vines creak against the pane,
While close and steadily droppeth the rain,
Back to my heart creeps the old dull pain
As the night falls drearily.

The weird wind moans 'round the turret wall,
The branches groan while the dead leaves fall,
But I hear my heart beat above it all
As the hours pass heavily.

On my lonely hearth the fire burns low,
The clock ticks ceaselessly to and fro,
I can count each throb of my heart as slow
Wanes the night, and wearily.

The lamp burns dimly, the shadows grow
So weird and so huge in the embers' glow,
While my heart grows chill as the winter's snow,
"Waiting" so wearily.

DOWN THE RIVER.



LIDING down the river
By the silent shore
Where the aspens quiver
To the mill's dull roar,
Past the silent traveller
Dreaming on his way,
Past the noisy children
Laughing at their play.
Now the sparkling shallows
Gurgle as they leap,
Now its soothing murmur
Lulls you into sleep.
O'er the pool so glassy
Where the minnows leap,
Where the hillsides grassy
O'er its mirror creep,
Where the gloomy narrows,
Rock-bound, stern and high
Frown away the sunshine
Peeping from the sky,

Through the forest swelling
Where the wild birds drink
Near the woodman felling
Trees upon its brink.
Now it broadens slowly
Through the meadows where
Lilies nod so queenly
In the scented air,
So still, we hear the rustle
Of leaves when scarcely stirred
Now in the city's bustle
Its dash is seldom heard.
By the hut so lowly
On pampas lone and wide
It gathers while it broadens
To meet the ocean's tide.

REMEMBERED, YET FORGOTTEN.

"The sensuous beauty that enslaves."



HERE shall we meet—and how?

We who once loved so fondly and so well—
Nor dreamed of change—and now
Love's requiem plaint each throbbing heart may
tell ;

Thy path lies far away
Across the waters in the land of song,
While weaker grow each day
The ties so cherished once, and deemed so strong.

I stand upon the sand—
Gazing upon the far, receding wave,—
Hastening to kiss the land
Whose beauty binds thee—a too willing slave ;

Over whose sunny lands
The south wind woos the amorous grape,
Where girls with wine-stained hands
After the vintage toil their vigils make.

By some lone way-side shrine,
Graced by a sad Madonna,—mossed and grey,—
In that sweet vesper time—
Where *all is beauty*—even thou must pray.

Thy longing heart is filled
With sensuous beauty of the richest hue,
While love's warm pulse is chilled—
That purer love thy better nature knew.

In halls where jealous art
Hath stored its treasures—there you sit and dream,
Till from those dreams you start,
As eyes which tell of mine from some fair picture
gleam.

The pulse of lofty aim,
Which throbbed with life's true purpose full and
strong,
Now starts with fitful pain—
And wakes—to sleep again,—lulled by the siren's
song.

Where shall we meet?—and how?
As friends or strangers?—strange we are in truth;

Thy inner life is now
No more the echo of my earnest, trusting youth.

As the receding wave
Returns no more across the storm-tossed main,
Since love has found its grave,
Return not thou—we *can not* meet again.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND

Who for several years sent the writer a lovely Christmas present.



HY Santa Claus should pictured be
A homely, weird-like elf,
When each year he appears to me
As lovely as yourself,—

No visage burly, bluff and old,
Crowned with long locks of snow,
But one with braids of brown and gold,
Where roses come and go.

With eyes so brown, so soft, so bright,
We well might say, "Take care,"
Did not their rays of purest light
Reveal a soul as fair.

TO A FRIEND

ON HER WEDDING DAY.




WEET moon of May, bring gentle gales
To waft thee o'er a summer sea,
On which, with palpitating sails,
The bark of Love now waits for thee.

With sweetest flowers perfume the air,
Filling those sails so pure and white,
On Heavenly shores a home prepare,
When sails are furled and falls the night.

Fall, passing clouds, in happy tears,
And gently weep yourselves away,
Nor shadow o'er with drooping fears
The radiant promise of To-day.

TWILIGHT VOICES.

OW the chorus of twilight our weary hearts
greet,
The cricket chirps low in the grass at our
feet,
The robin is calling from shrub and from tree,
The garden breathes perfume—come, walk there
with me.

A spirit of rest seems to steal o'er the land,
Like the cool, soothing touch of a dear mother's
hand,
While welcome night droppeth her grey mantle
down
On dry, drooping fields and the dust-curtained town.

The tired child nestles, and sinks to its sleep
As the mother's sweet lullaby swells soft and deep.
Of twilight's sweet voices the purest is hers,
For emotions so holy no other voice stirs.

The reapers are singing as homeward they come,
Their song in the distance seems like the low hum
Of the murmuring waves, that break evermore
On the low-lying sands, or the rocky-crowned shore.

Talk not of myself, tho' it pleases thee best,
To-night I should wish each emotion to rest.
Let my restless heart sink to a passionless sleep,
Let no ghost of the past from its recesses creep.

You may talk of your future—of mine not a word :
'Twere wiser to speak of the flower and the bird ;
I live in the present, I dare not to dream,
The star of hope sheds for me scarcely a beam.

Yes, bright are your hopes—yet the future lies dim,
And seems far away—tho' its shadows begin
To stretch o'er your pathway, I pray they may be
But the semblance of real joys, waiting for thee.

With its wealth of pure blossoms, so starry and
 white,
The jasmine is lavish of fragrance to-night,
Which the wooing wind roguishly steals from the
 tree,
And takes lovers' toll between whispers, you see.

Now the moon rises slowly and shines on the tree,
On leaf and on flower, on you and on me.
Of which will you dream? ah! do not say so;
We're to talk but of nature's still beauties, you know.

See! our path has grown brighter, 'tis moonlight's
soft glow;
Yes, my heart has grown lighter; dear friend, you
must go.
Just walk to the spot where the moon falls so bright,
And there we must part with—a careless good-night.

THE CONFESSIONAL.



OPEN, O heart ! thy closest-chambered cell,
Whose warm and crimsoned draperies rise
and fall,
Swayed by the surging of each throb and swell
Of pleasure or of pain,—or sweet emotion, all
The hopes that gild with promise youth's bright
day,
And all the fears, whose throbbings warn us of
decay

Open, and hide within thy inmost cell
Forbidden yearnings and each fond desire,
Each aspiration after good, which blighted fell
Like summer buds, kissed by the sun's fierce fire,
Each budding hope chilled by the icy breath
Of an unanswering heart, or one grown cold in
death.

And oh ! if e'er by hurtful passions swayed,
If to vain dreams we gave too fond a sigh,

If lured by sin in specious charms arrayed,

Oh, veil the stain from all, save His kind, pitying
eye,

Who, from the fount of mercy's boundless store,

Said, "Neither do I condemn thee ; go and sin no
more !"

On the unveiling of the beautiful bronze fountain—cast in Munich, and presented to the City of Cincinnati by Henry Probasco.

“One whose name was writ in water.”

—KEATS.



THESE were the sadly-spoken words
Of one whose song was like the birds’—
Soaring while singing ;

Nor dreamed how bright his name should glow,
While shines the sun or falls the snow,
The seasons bringing.

Oh ! city of the golden West,
His fame shall ever firmly rest
As rock or mountain,
While flowing water, pure and free,
Shall tell of him who gave to thee
This noble fountain.

Its sparkling waters cool and clear
Shall soothe and charm each weary ear ;
While upward springing,
Backward with joyous splash to fall,
A cooling, grateful draught to all
Forever bringing.

Emblem of truth, pure and divine,
For ages may thy waters shine
 In joyous duty ;
Where weary men may freely drink,
Pausing erewhile to gaze, and think
 Of thy rare beauty.

Far in the long ago, a woman frail
Came to a well—so reads the tale—
 For water only.
There, resting by the mossy brink,
Sat One, who said, “Give Me to drink”—
 A traveller lonely.

Then to her wondering, eager ear
He told of “living waters” clear,
 Flowing forever ;
That those who drank should ne’er again
Know thirst, or weariness, or pain,
 Never ! oh, never !

May each and all some truth here find,
While hope and faith in humankind,
 ’Tis ever saying ;
Its music falls on grateful ears,
Its *work* through all the coming years
 Is ceaseless *playing*.

And thus, in water let his name
Sparkle with ever-growing fame,
 And tell the story,—
How well he loved his fellow-man,
How beautiful the thought to plan
 This thing of glory.

More eloquent than marble cold,
More rhythmical than words of gold,
 Its murmurs ever
In liquid music's tinkling fall,
Will speak to every heart, while all
 Will bless the giver.

A CLIMB

TO THE SUMMIT OF MT. WACHUSETT.



YOU will surely remember that morning so
bright,

When the mountain breeze woo'd us to
climb to its height,

Where the sky brooded o'er it as warm and as blue
As the eye we most love, ever tender and true—

“Only climb to the summit,” thus promised our
guide,

“The view is entrancing—so varied, so wide !”

The morning dew still sparkled over the lawn,
While the guests at the “Mountain House” talked
“pro and con.”

Some feared the day promised to be very hot,
Others thought it might rain—some were sure it
would not.

One suggested warm wraps at “the top” would be
needed,

And counselled stout shoes—which advice was well
heeded.

Soon all these affairs were most wisely adjusted,
And a stout staff procured, whose support could be
trusted,

A needed companion—no one should refuse it
Who wishes to climb to the top of Wachusett ;
While our leader decided—his plans were well laid—
That in walking for pleasure, no haste should be
made.

Our first halt was called where the “old maples”
stood

Shading dry mossy rocks,—near the edge of a wood,
For the rains had been copious, and rivulets still
Trickled over the meadow quite at their sweet will ;
Little water sprites running away from the fountain,
We fancied lay hid near the crest of the mountain.

Our spirits rose high—bright thoughts like a ball
Quite merrily bounded to each and from all,
Some wittily praising the staff, true and tough,
While threading the pathway so rocky and rough,
And how grateful were all for the rocks cool and
grey,

Where we rested by times on our slippery way.

We gathered fair flowers of every hue—
Found mosses, and berries of scarlet and blue,

We sat on a log deeply buried in ferns,
While we talked of Longfellow and Bryant and
Burns.

Thus sped the bright moments as upward we went,
Till we reached the stone cottage that crowns the
ascent.

There Monadnock confronts you, so dreamy and
blue,
His giant dome adding a charm to the view,
Whose outline of beauty shows wondrously clear
'Gainst the blue arch of heaven, so far, yet so near,
Reflected from lakelets half hidden in green,
With tiny toy villages nestling between.

The "White Hills" are seen like the dream of a
cloud ;
We fear to dispel them by speaking aloud,
And tenderly name them, far off in the haze,
As we speak of some dear one just passed from our
gaze,
While hushed is our breathing and dim grows the
eye,
As we turn from those peaks pointing still to the
sky.

There are moments in life where our thoughts love
to rest,
As we rested that day on that fair mountain's crest,
Where the outlook of life grows more boundless and
free,
As that scene seemed to stretch even out to the sea;
A delectable mount it must ever remain—
Though I never may see its green summit again.

LAST HOURS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE.



JUNGLE wild on Afric's soil, a brazen sky
o'erhead,

A group of savage, dusky men around a
dying bed,

Where lay a gaunt and wasted form upon a couch
so rude,

Ah ! death ne'er found so rich a prize in that vast
solitude.

I am dying, fateful river—the dew's are gathering
fast,

Oh, siren of my youthful dreams, I've sought thee to
the last ;

Yet, far away eluding still thy phantom fountains
lie,

A mirage gleaming fitfully before my glazing eye.

Oh ! mystic, mocking siren, I have borne thy fetters
long,

Hugging the chain that bound me as I listened to
thy song,

Leading me still with promise fair, that soon my
wistful ear
Should catch the rippling music of thy waters, cool
and clear.

Across the desert's glaring sands, where fierce the
sunbeams beat,
Through many a swamp and dark lagoon where
broods the tropic's heat,
Through haunts where deadly reptiles glide, or
where the bitterns scream,
With weary feet I've sought thy source—oh ! river
of my dream.

Where the pursuer hunts the slave, poor dusky child
of woe,
I, searching for thy mystic fount, have wandered to
and fro ;
On glittering summit does it lie—or in some crystal
lake ?
Ah ! death were welcome if I there this burning
thirst could slake.

Oh ! bright, illusive fountain, I have seen thee in
my dreams,
Where feathery palms are bending low, thy rippling
water gleams.

Alas ! before, behind me, lie cruel, scorching sands—
Oh ! for one moment in thy wave to lave these
fevered hands.

We read the storied tablets where Karnak's temples
stand,
We know why Memnon's music ripples o'er the
shifting sand—
Rosetta's stone her secrets yield of Egypt's won-
drous lore—
Thy secret, mighty river, still baffles as of yore !

Oh ! cold and grey and far away, I know the granite
rocks
Are cradled where the heather dips in cool, seques-
tered locks.
Would I could climb once more those rocks, and feel
the mountain air
Blow o'er my brow caressingly, to lift my clammy
hair.

Those purple hills of Scotland are cool with falling
mist—
Where, strolling through the heather bloom, I kept
a lover's tryst ;

Or where, in happy childhood, I climbed their rugged side,
Searching through fern and bracken, where timid rabbits hide.

I loved the hills, the heather, I loved the yellow broom,
I loved the mavis' singing above the heather bloom ;
But sweeter was the siren's voice, and fair her beckoning hand,
That lured me from my rugged home, my beautiful native land.

I am dying, fateful river—thou hast lured me to my doom,
Weird spirit of the desert, e'er wrapped in mist and gloom.
Yet hark ! I hear, I see again the ripple of thy smile.
Farewell, old Pharaoh's wondrous stream, oh ! mystic, mighty Nile.

AMERICA TO PRUSSIA :—GREETING.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE DE LYNAR TO
MISS MAY PARSONS.

Prince De L—— served as Colonel on the staff of the Emperor William during the war between France and Prussia. Soon after its termination he was married, in Columbus, Ohio, to the beautiful Miss Parsons.



NOTHER triumph—O victorious realm !
Thy princes mighty are in love and war—
From grand old Kaiser William at the helm,
To him who robs us of our brightest star ;

Room in your princely courts !—she goes a queen
From our broad realm beside the western sea,
A land where all our loveliest have ever been
Queens of our hearts and homes—and e'er will be ;

Once in the long ago, from our fair land
There went a princess reared in sylvan glade.
Old haughty England took her by the hand,
Nor scorned her simple guise—her dusky shade.

Long was the voyage from her birchen bower
Where her free childhood passed in happy sport.
Sad the transplanting of this wildwood flower
To stately garden and to gilded court ;

How changed is all since then,—nor far away
Seems our fair bride's new home across the brine,
Steam speeds us o'er the sea—and lightnings play
That we may talk to friends beyond the Rhine.

O beauteous storied Rhine ! how many tears
Thy rushing waves have carried in their flow,
How oft thy castled crags thro' bygone years
Have gazed on armies surging to and fro ;

Now forth from pictured crag and knightly tower
Peace smiling waves her olive branch once more,
We send to grace your triumph one rare flower
And add new beauty to your sunlit shore.

“ONLY A WOMAN, WOMANLY.”



HE was not very beautiful, nor was she very
wise,
No brilliant sarcasm curled the lip, or flash-
ed from daring eyes ;
Those earnest, quiet eyes revealed a spirit firm and
true,
A woman, very womanly, was all she seemed to you.

She did not dazzle you with wit, nor silence you
with words,
Like “silver” was her gentle speech, its music like a
bird’s ;
And when she sometimes silent sat, as was her own
sweet will,
That “golden silence” more than words your wait-
ing soul could fill.

She did not sing like Nilsson,—yet oft at eventide
Her songs were still the sweetest charm around the
fireside ;

- For pure and tender was her voice, its soft persuasive tone
• Could lure the erring wanderer to think of friends at home.

"Only a woman, womanly," no angel with bright wings,
To soar above us in our need, disdaining earthly things ;
Just wise enough for counsel, gentle, yet brave to share
Your hopes, your fears, your sorrows, your triumph and your care.

THE TEMPTATION !



T all comes back again !

Youth with its radiance and its dewy bloom,

Its pleasure, its sweet pain

Steal o'er my senses like a sweet perfume.

Once more I sit and dream,

While wistful fancies into being start,

And hopes are stirred which seem

Bright as once nestled in my youthful heart ;

Once more the rosy flush

Mantles my cheek so long grown cold and pale,

Once more through twilight's hush

Unbidden thoughts my waking heart assail ;

Once more the radiant light,

The light that never was on sea or shore,

Returns to cheat my sight,

While reason whispers—never, never more ;

Reason, my friend—I greet,

Let thy cool touch fall on my throbbing brain,

Schooling my heart to beat

With steadied pulse across life's dusty plain ;

And lead my fancy where
Upon the desert sands a fountain gleams,
Whose source is poesy's—ah ! there
I'll quench the yearning for youth's vanished
dreams.

Duty ! to thee I turn,
Unbending monitor whose bidding I obey,
Issue thy mandate stern,
Call home those thoughts which all too fondly
stray.

Mirror ! whose flattering tale
Once pleased my fancy with each brilliant hue,
Thy glance is sad and pale,
Thou canst not cheat me now—at last thou'rt true.

As now with kindly hand
Thou show'st a rippling thread of silver white,
Amid the soft brown band
That graced my brow with glints of sunny light.

Back, back, seducing dream !
My friends have kinder been ; I bid you go—
On Reason's arm I lean,
And tread life's dusty path once more with pulses
slow.

LISTEN !

A PLEA FOR THE ORPHAN'S HOME.



WHEN the toiling day is over,
Through the closing shadows see
Many tired footsteps passing—
“Coming home” to you or me.
Warmer, brighter grows the firelight,
Eager little faces wait
By the window through the twilight,
Watching for the open gate.

Little cheeks so soft and rosy
Nestle in a fond embrace,
Resting by the fireside cosy—
Lighter grows the weary face.
Thank our God such homes are many,
Homes of love so pure and sweet—
E'en the angels bending lowly,
Feel their hearts with pleasure beat.

Turning oft with tender pity
To the many cheerless homes
Scattered through our busy city,
Where no loving father comes,

Where no wise and patient mother
Waits to welcome aching feet,
Helpless still and wandering ever
Up and down our noisy street.

Listen to the angel's story,
As I heard him tell the tale
Through the wakeful night so lonely,
Till the morning star grew pale ;
Soft and low as sweetest music,
Bending o'er me lovingly,
Fathers, mothers, listen kindly
To the tale he told to me :


“ Helpless little feet are straying
Ever from the Father's fold.
Friendless little lips are praying—
Shelter us from want and cold.
Pleading eyes to you are turning,
Asking for your help and care,
Starving little souls are yearning,
Woman's tender love to share.

“ Little hands that should be learning
Labor's honest gains to win,

Soon their wages will be earning
In the smoother walks of sin ;
Helpful hands and hearts are needing
Helpless hands to guide and teach,
Sore and trampled hearts are bleeding—
Let their wrongs your pity reach.”

“MISSION WORK” FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

“Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these.”

S I sauntered 'round the city
One autumn afternoon,
I missed the summer breezes,
I missed the summer's bloom,
While the ladies clad in velvet
And in furs so rich and rare
Passed by me on the plaza
Near the homely market square ;

While the carriages rolled softly
They missed no summer bloom,
Wrapped in their robes so costly,
That wintry afternoon ;
There I met some little maidens
Thinly and poorly clad,
For their summer garments lingered
Tho' the summer's bloom had fled.

And as I walked I wondered
Why I that day should meet
So many children speeding
Along that homely street.
Said I, "My little maiden,
What brings you all this way,
So many half-clad children
This chilly autumn day?"

"Oh! don't you know, dear lady,"
The little maiden said—
(The child so like a picture,
With the kerchief on her head,
While the happy, careless women
Went rolling softly by,
Feeling no chilling breezes,
Heeding no wintry sky);

"There's a room so warm and cheerful
Where the pretty ladies meet
To work for we poor children
Who wander 'round the street;
They give us nice warm clothing
Which they teach us how to make,
They love the poor and friendless,
Love them for Jesus' sake.

"He loved the little children
These dear, good ladies say,
They often tell us of Him,
And teach us how to pray ;
I'm sure He loves our teachers,
Who are so kind and good,
So patient with poor children
Who oft are rough and rude.

"But do you think, dear lady,
That Santa Claus will know
Of all these friendly ladies,
Of me and Susie Snow ?
I think he knew one Christmas,
One cold and snowy day,
Before my own dear mother died
Or father went away.

"But I quite forgot to tell you
Of the very nicest thing :
How we feel so very happy
When we stand up to sing,
While the music plays so sweetly,
While the room looks warm and bright
We quite forget the winter,
And our cheerless homes at night.

"We sing of 'precious jewels,'
 'Bright gems for Jesus' crown,'
For even friendless children
 The Saviour calls 'His own';
Just now we all are learning
 A lovely Christmas hymn,
But here we are, dear lady,
 Will you come and hear us sing?"

JENNIE'S TROUSSEAU.



LOVE sits at the helm, dearest Jennie,
Of the bark we are freighting for thee,
He has played on the shore with your
childhood,
And will sail with you out to the sea.

He will see that the sails are trimmed lightly,
That the waters flow smoothly and clear,
That the star of hope shines for you brightly,
Dispelling all doubt and all fear.

He has searched for the sweetest of flowers,
Whose beauty for you must be shed,
While blessings as soft as spring showers
Will fall on your bridal-wreathed head ;


He has gathered soft lace to enfold you,
With shawls from old India's loom,
Brought gems of the purest and rarest,
In caskets of choicest perfume.

And amid all this beautiful dower
Has crept in my offering—a book ;
It will, like the modest spring flower,
Be grateful for only a—look.

So with “sweets to the sweet,” dearest Jennie,
With love to our loveliest one,
We must shed one fond tear as we watch you
Outward-bound toward life's setting sun.

A RECIPE.

Written in Washington for *The Sunday Morning Herald*.

“AKE a handful ” of writers—a soup con of
thinkers,
Who, of waters Pierian would fain seem
deep drinkers,

A professor or two of the corps scientific,
Who talk of Mars’ moons with a joy beatific—
Sure no other savant can steal our Hall’s thunder,
And know that “our lens” is the world’s latest
wonder ;

A collector or so who has been quite a rover,
(To find a rare bug one will search the world over),
Or, if shells be the hobby, will talk you to slumber
Of “Univalves, bivalves,” or valves without number ;
Some writers of verses who might think it treason
Should one praise the rhyme nor fathom the reason,
Without “rhyme or reason” smooth verses give
pleasure,

When read by sweet lips while resting at leisure
On satin fauteuils in salons literary,
Where culture and taste meet, to cry admirari ;—

A fair dame or two with whom art is a passion,
One or more of the ton to make it the fashion,
With a few extra wise ones who sneer at light
 dances,
Yet sit thro' the "sma' hours" conning romances ;
And some, too, alas ! who waste midnight tapers
While writing "society gossip" for papers,—
How bonny Miss Gwendoline dressed at "the ger-
 man,"
Or how some "superb Madame" wore queenly er-
 mine ;—
A traveller sometimes is received as a godsend,
With items quite fresh from the far-away world's
 end,
Thus furnishing topics for sprightly discussion—
Of Greek or of Turk, or the too haughty Russian.
Since all things come up that are on the world's
 tapis—
Art, science, or pottery, each make them happy ;
These wise ones in conclave, whose meetings are
 weekly,
My recipe see—which I offer quite meekly.
The ingredients are found—while mixing be wary,
If you'd have in perfection—A Club Literary.

PATRIOTIC.



TO "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

Written on the first "Fourth of July" following the passage by Congress of "The Fifteenth Amendment."



LOAT proudly, O beautiful banner, to-day !
Let each glorious star flash with truth's
brightest ray.

You are true to yourself, to your home, to the world,
While all are now free where your stripes are unfurled—

"For the 'star-spangled banner' in triumph doth
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Your folds have been cleansed both by blood and
by fire,

You have draped for the grave, son, brother, and
sire ;

Their lives they gave freely to save you from shame

Floated proudly, O banner, they died not in vain—

For "the star-spangled banner can now indeed wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Near the walls of proud Sumter you once were
hurled down

And trampled in dust with a jeer and a frown,
A once noble name was thus tainted with shame,
While pure and unsullied our flag floats again ;
Oh ! long may the star-spangled banner thus wave,
Where none dare be a tyrant, none need be a slave.

Droop a moment in sadness o'er Hampton's clear
wave,

Where the *Cumberland* sank with the noble and
brave,

While long o'er the wreck waved your colors so true
Ere they went to their rest in the waters so blue.

Float proudly, O banner ! o'er land and o'er sea,
For the home of the brave is the home of the free.

And over the valleys where thickly are spread
The green-curtained tents which shelter our dead,
They sleep from the homes of their kindred afar,
They died, that your beauty should not lose a star,
That throughout every land, over mountain and sea,
You should ever be hailed as the flag of the free.

And far in the West droop low o'er the grave
Where rests the best friend of the master and slave,

Who, "with love toward all, and with malice to
none,"

Struggled bravely to keep us still "many in one."

He died, that the star-spangled banner should wave
Over none but the free in the home of the brave.

Shine brightly, O stars! from your field of true
blue,

Now the word and the boast of your country is true ;
Fling wide your broad stripes over mountain and
sea,

For the land you protect *is* the home of the free.

And oh! may the star-spangled banner long wave
O'er "the land of the free and the home of the
brave."

A NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

AIR—" *Star-Spangled Banner.*"



ALL hail to the day when our flag was unfurled,
And the story was told of the birth of a nation ;
When our glorious stars first shone on the world,
As the morning stars shone at the dawn of creation,
When first to the light, over valley and height,
In its beauty and grace waved our banner so bright ;
And we'll hallow forever as sacred the morn
When the story was told that a nation was born.

No hand waved in triumph, no shouts rent the air,
Though grand was the scene when the purpose was uttered ;
The deed so momentous was hallowed by prayer,
While afar o'er the waters war's thunderings muttered.

But firmer they grew—for dauntless and true
Were the men who first pledged to the Red, White
and Blue ;

And freemen will hallow forever the morn
When the story was told that a nation was born.

No cheek blanched with fear, for to do or to die
Was each stern resolve at the Nation's baptism ;
While firm was the hand and undaunted each eye,
As they poured o'er their honor truth's holiest
chrism,

For earnest and brave were the men who thus gave
All the hopes that were dearest man's birthright to
save ;

And freemen should hallow as sacred the morn
When the story was told that a nation was born.

Long, long was the conflict and sharp was the pain,
While their trust was in God through the sorest
affliction ;

And still as forever it proved not in vain,
For peace came at last with its sweet benediction.
Wave proudly, ye stars ! bright and glorious stars !
We'll welcome the day with a thousand huzzas ;
For freemen forever should hallow the morn
When the story was told that a nation was born.

AN ODE.

FOR DECORATION DAY.

Sung at Green Lawn Cemetery, Columbus, O., May 30, 1871.

TUNE—" *Scotts wha hae,*" etc.



S to this spot our steps we turn,
With love each patriot heart should burn,
While nameless grave and blazoned urn
We deck with tender care.

The past no nobler cause can show,
For truth and right they dealt each blow,
And died while struggling with the foe,
To leave their fame our care.

Bring flowers of rarest form and hue,
Of purest white—of tenderest blue ;
The sod that wraps the brave and true
Must be fair woman's care.

For that grand cause how woman prayed,
What sacrifices nobly made,
Trusting—though trembling and afraid—
In God's great love and care.

To tell the deeds of heroes brave,
Who strove their land from crime to save,
And even life so freely gave,
Should be the minstrels' care.

And still, while o'er those hearts, so true,
The turf is green—the skies are blue,
To deck with flowers of rarest hue—
Will be each patriot's care.

BRING FLOWERS.

“ Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay.”



FROM spring to spring the long grass waves,
Its tender green is seen by few,
The bending sky smiles brightly down,
With none to mark how soft its blue ;

The robin plumes his crimson breast—
His vesper song rings sweet and clear,
Through the long day the brown thrush sings—
With none to lend a listening ear ;

Yet this lone spot of nameless graves
Is guarded by a nation's care,
By grateful hands its sod was laid,
And consecrated by a prayer ;

For *men* rest here—men brave and true,
Men evermore their country's pride,
They gave that country *all* they had—
When for her *truth* they fought and died ;

And once each year a nation comes
To this lone spot of billowy green—
While in fair woman's graceful hands
A wealth of rarest flowers is seen.

With saddened eye and tender touch
They deck those graves with gentle care,
While music lends her thrilling tone,
And countless voices fill the air ;

In lofty verse they sing their praise
Above those heroes' lowly bed,
And then to silence and repose
They leave again our honored dead.

ONE FLOWER FOR "OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES."

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest."



HE sweet May is here, with its long twilight
hours,
Its glad laughing sunshine, its soft weeping
showers,
Awaking the butterfly—waking the flowers
To strew o'er the brave.

Ah! life is so full e'en inanimate things
Seem to pulsate and move with invisible wings,
While the butterfly flutters, the wood-robin sings
O'er the hush of the grave.

Oh! cover them tenderly; flowers so fair,
Pour out your fragrance as incense most rare;
Stir very gently, O sweet summer air,
The grass o'er their grave.

Think of them, mothers ! these brave men by you
Were cradled and cared for their infancy through ;
Were guarded and watched till to manhood they grew,
So strong and so brave.

Talk of them, brothers, with joy and with pride,
As boys, how you played through the cool eventide,
As men, with the foe how you fought side by side,
So earnest, so brave !

Honor them, children ! you never may know
How great is the debt to their valor you owe,
How fierce was the struggle, how bitter the foe,
How stern—yet how brave.

And maidens—ah ! many a story could tell
Of a tearful vow uttered, a tender farewell,
Ere you bade him "God speed " to the field where he
fell—
Your lover so brave !

Ah ! grey-headed father, how sharp was the blow
When you read of your son "with the slain lying low " ;
Yet how proudly you added, " his face to the foe "--
Your boy, young and brave !

O mothers of freemen ! their fame is our care :
Let us hallow this day with music and prayer,
And tenderly cover with flowers so fair
The rest of the brave.

ON THE BALL GIVEN AT THE "WHITE
HOUSE," FEB. 5, 1862.

"To everything there is a season, a time to mourn, and a time to
dance."



FROM afar comes the sound of a revel to-night,
And many proud names fill a nation's wide
halls,
While fair forms of beauty look radiant and bright
In the wealth of light shed from the mirror-decked
walls.

A gush of rare music is filling the room,
And merry feet bound to its wild, witching flow,
While the soft air seems freighted with summer's per-
fume
As the flower-wreathed waltzers still glide to and fro.

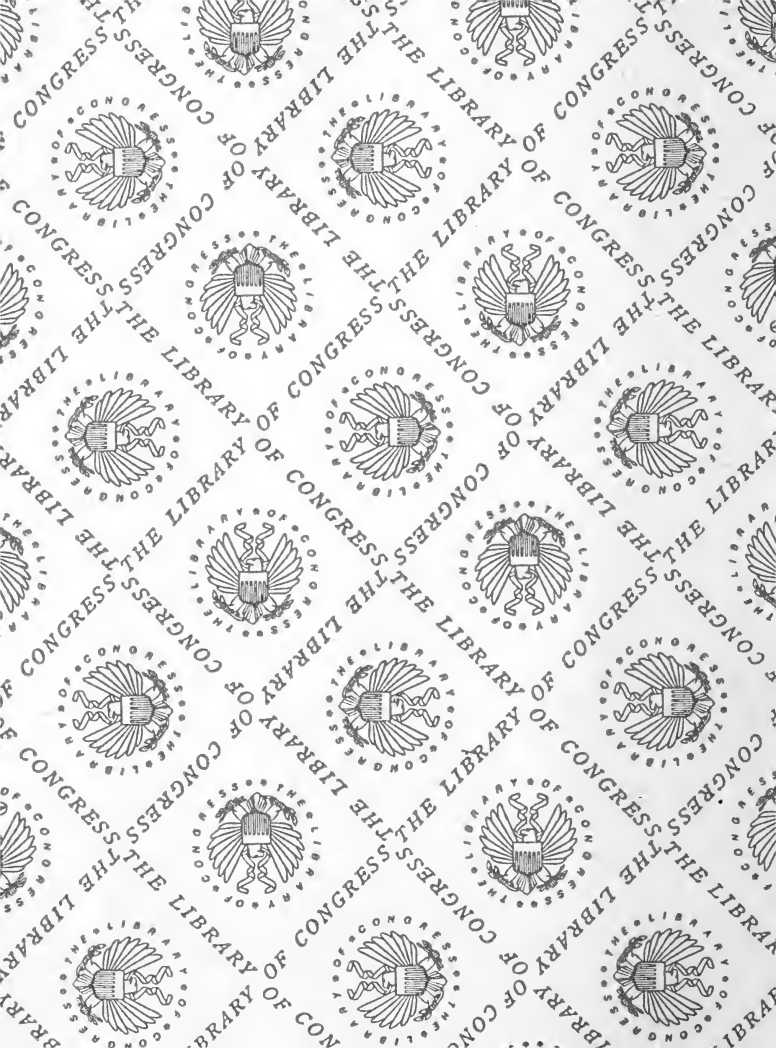
Proud mother, gay maiden, oh ! pause in your mirth :
Is this a fit time for your revel and show,
While the blood of our fathers still moistens the earth,
And our brothers lie stiff in the sleet and the snow ?

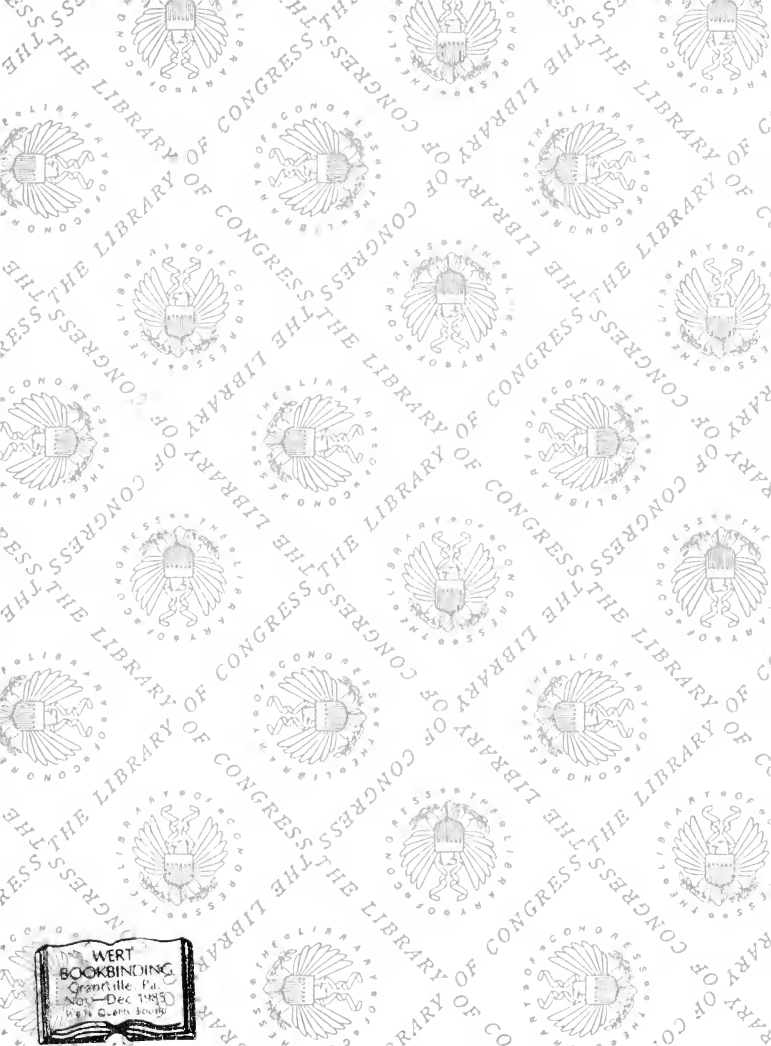
Oh! come look with me in that cabin's low room,
No "bright flowers" gladden the sufferer's eye,
No shaded light steals thro' the chill and the gloom
To the pallet of straw where our sick soldiers lie.

No woman's soft hand wipes the death-damp away
Of the dying man dreaming perchance of his home,
While "the music" he hears is the clash of the fray,
Or the funeral march of the low muffled drum.

The heart of the nation lies stricken and sore,
For treason has darkened her promise so bright,
And true hearts are trembling on many a shore,
Lest the star of man's hope should be shrouded in
night.

Oh! mothers and maidens, there's work for us all—
Leave the feast and the dance for a happier day,
Since our country's brave sons have gone forth at her
call,
For their wants we should Work, for their cause we
should Pray.





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